

## CITY DIRECTORY.

**BAKERS.** W. T. Blanton, Baker, 100 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va. (Phone 1000).  
**BUTCHERS.** W. T. Blanton, Baker, 100 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va. (Phone 1000).  
**DRUGGISTS.** W. T. Blanton, Baker, 100 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va. (Phone 1000).  
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**RESTAURANTS.** W. T. Blanton, Baker, 100 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va. (Phone 1000).  
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**WATCHMAKERS.** W. T. Blanton, Baker, 100 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va. (Phone 1000).



## THEY OBEYED "OLD JACK."

**Stonewall Jackson's Control Over Men Illustrated by an Anti-Slavery Incident.**

The power which was in the personal presence of "Stonewall" Jackson and his influence over those with whom he associated is well illustrated by an incident which happened early in 1861. The convention which was to decide the attitude of Virginia in the coming conflict was in session in Richmond. As is well known, both the union and the secession parties were strong in the state, and the delegates to the convention were correspondingly divided in sentiment, says Youth's Companion.

The students and professors of the Virginia military institute, situated in Lexington, Va., were almost unanimously in favor of secession. At Washington college, now Washington and Lee university, in the same town, the union sentiment prevailed.

One Sunday morning it was learned that the national flag which had floated over Washington college had been pulled down in the night, and was lying in the mud. The students suspected that the students of the Virginia military institute were responsible for the outrage, but having no proof, contented themselves with cleaning the flag and replacing it.

It was not long before a group of students from the Virginia military institute stopped on their way by, and, in the light of open day, undertook to haul the flag down. This time the Washington boys were on the alert, and, falling upon the depredators, handled them somewhat roughly and beat them from the grounds.

The report that a number of Washington men had beaten one cadet without provocation threw the institute into an uproar, and the whole corps immediately turned out to avenge their comrade. Arming themselves with whatever they could lay their hands on, they formed in battle array and proceeded toward Washington college. Their adversaries, although not so well drilled, armed themselves in like manner, and awaited the attack.

Jackson, then a major, was in church, but an excited whisper from a frightened citizen who had hurried in apprised him of what had happened. He calmly rose and passed out, to find his whole corps coming up the street in much disorder, but with battle in their faces. One glance at the scene, and his decision was made.

As quietly as he had left the church, he placed himself at the head of the corps, and began to give commands, looking to the better order of the column. The boys were roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by the leadership of "Old Jack," and were quite ready to kill every Washington boy who opposed them. Promptly came the necessary commands for their forward movement, and the citizens stood agape.

Little by little the cadets fell into perfect order, and little by little their obedience to command became automatic.

Tramp! tramp! as they went to battle for the southern confederacy, and to avenge the comrades who had suffered in its cause.

The consternation of the citizens increased. The corps would soon be in sight of Washington college, and blood would suddenly be shed. But suddenly, "Halt!" rang out Maj. Jackson's curt tones, "Right wheel! March!" came in quick succession, and the corps was marching in another direction. At the next street corner the commands were repeated, and instantly obeyed, and the faces of the cadets were toward the institute, to which they marched in perfect order.

They said afterward that they had been so intent on obeying Old Jack's commands that they did not realize what was happening until he dispersed them at the institute.

**Cheerful in Spite of Boils.**  
 When Admiral Farragut's health was suffering from the continued strain of his labors and anxieties, and from the climate of the Mississippi valley and Mobile bay, he wrote: "I am as well as a man can be who can neither sit, walk nor stand five minutes at a time on account of Job's comforters. But, thank God (I have so much to be thankful for) I am overwinning in pretty good condition."—Chicago Post.

**Cause of the Disturbance.**  
 The Farmer (in the sidewalk, looking around in alarm)—Gosh! where's all the rattlesnakes?  
 The Lecturer—Don't be alarmed, my friend. It's only our living skeleton, who is suffering from the ague, you hear.—Judge.

**Eight Days On His Back.**  
 and cured with two applications of Dole's Kidney and Bone Lincture. It will cure you. Owens & Minor Drug Co., Richmond, Virginia.  
 Gentlemen: I have been using your Nerve and Bone Lincture on my back and find it very like a charm. For eight days I had been on my back and could not move and after two applications I am now out and to bed.  
 Very truly yours,  
 W. C. O'Quinn, North View, Va.  
 Sold by White & Co. and Winston Drug Co.

## LAWN TENNIS.

One time the most of us, no doubt, had upon hearts for others; We scorned the shield District held out. We met all men as brothers.

With years cool wisdom on us slips The armor once declined; The laugh grows idle on our lips, Or purpose lurks behind.

Fearful to lose our little place, We dare not venture far; To welcome others of our race, Men of the self-same star.

Eager to win beyond our ranks, We trample others down, And pressing o'er them murmur thanks, Our eyes upon the crown.

And yet we bear no enmity; 'Tis life, we sadly say; We would be genial, open, free, To all men as the day.

This armor that doth make us safe, We feel their weight, we feel them chafe, We turn would put them by.

And when we come to our green field, Far from the strife of town, Farthrust in gentleness we yield And lay that armor down.

The touch of flannels to our skin, Of grass beneath our feet, Of sun at throat may help us win Safe past the judgment seat.

—Arthur Stanwood Pier, in Atlantic.

**The Gypsy's Daughter**  
 By PHALLEY YALE CURTIS.

Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Pub. Co.  
 "GAIN, Leah! The gentlemen wish it."  
 "But I am so tired, mamma."

"Yes, yes! But see all the pennies. Once more and I will get thee a red scarf."

And so, inspired by that promise, the little gypsy again broke into the strange fantastic dance, her tiny feet in perfect step, and time to the thrum, thrum of the mother's old guitar. Light as this, she glided to and fro over the rough ground, the gypsies in their ragged, yet artistic, garb forming a picturesque background for the beautifully gowned women and their rich escorts, who crowded about the little dancer.

To the casual observer the child was an enigma, seeming to possess two natures in one, while, to the keenest mind, the solution was found as one turned from the sweet, pure face of the mother to the father, handsome, yet crafty. The elfin child was in fact the fitting issue of so strange a union.

As the visitors left the camp, the father, in reply to a sign from one of the gentlemen, followed to a turn of the road, where, the dingy tents, no longer visible, the gentleman, bidding the rest of the party drive on, called the man to him.

uc dance of her childhood, once more her voice rose and fell to that weird sweet song.

And, as he listened, over the face of the master there came a look of rapture, while with the instinct of the true musician, he accompanied the strange air with all its subtle changes. Then, as the song ended in a breathless heartbreak and despair, he turned to the child, the tears streaming down his gentle old face.

"Ah, monsieur, monsieur!" he cried, "Is the voice of an angel?"

While her child was singing far away across the sea, the mother was dying. On a poor bed with scarcely covering for her wasted body, she lay, clasping to her breast a little dream, old and worn.

As her husband bent over her, trying in his rude fashion to adjust the ragged pillow—

"Hark!" she whispered. "Listen! I hear my Leah singing."

The great auditorium was filled to overflowing. Every seat in the vast room was taken and the boxes were taxed to their capacity.

Never had a prima donna sung to a more cultured and enthusiastic audience. Time after time, the great house had broken out into uncontrollable applause, and now, as the performance neared its close, "Leah, the gypsy," again appeared, and the people once more settled into the expectant quiet that always accompanies the presence of a star.

A perfect type of gypsy beauty was she, hair the blackness of night, eyes where hid that dangerous blending of love and fire, cheeks through whose olive the tint of carmine gleamed, lips of the rich red that belongs to all tropical natures.

A moment she stood gazing out over that vast sea of faces.

One among them she knew was there watching her with eyes full of question and longing.

So she had met his gaze for years, almost since the morning he first saw her, a little child asleep in his father's library.

That she was a gypsy he knew, but where she came from or why to his father's house he had never learned. That father, a stern, silent man, had never courted inquiry. About a year before Leah's coming to their home the light of the place had gone out with the death of an only daughter, the idol of the household.

Though he loved Leah, to him she had always been an enigma. Together they had grown to manhood and womanhood, and as yet he could not fathom her dual nature.

Nor could she help him. To his question and pleading she could only say: "Some day, when the evil power leaves me, you shall claim me; till then be content. Some day I shall be free; the stars have told it. And with freedom will come the memory of that gypsy song my mother taught me. Once it returned and I thought I heard her calling me—but it was only fancy—and the song is forgotten."

Sympathy goes out rearmy enough to persons suffering the loss of money through no fault of their own. It can be offered but grudgingly, if at all, to those whose own folly and greed render them easy victims of the get-rich-quick operators. So well and thoroughly, says the New York World, have these swindling concerns been exposed that one would say the demand for new victims could no longer be met by any supply. Yet the latest enterprise of the sharpers seems to have found quite as many and as "easy marks" as the very first.

Mr. Wu Ting-fang, the former Chinese minister to the United States, is maintaining in China the reputation for humor which he had in this country. At a meeting in Canton, China, of "The Natural Feet Society," the ex-minister remarked that he had never allowed any daughter of his to bind her feet. Then he added: "To be sure, I have never had any daughters." As Mrs. Wu contributed \$100 to the funds of the society, her husband's joke probably had an appreciative audience.

Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles has discovered that mosquitoes are beset by a hostile parasite, which is capable of destroying them. This will remind us that "a flea has smaller fleas than on him prey." There may be some way of spreading this new-found destroyer and starting a plague among the "skeeters."

Memorandum on longevity: Many scholars, philosophers, theologians, scientists, statesmen and other persons of sedentary life have lived to the age of 90 and upward; no professional athlete was ever known to do so.

A Berks county (Pa.) landlord has a pet rattlesnake which he keeps near the door and which sounds its rattle whenever a customer comes in for a drink. The customer sees the snake before, not after, taking the drink; observe the variation.

That we sell the BEST Whiskey sold anywhere for the money.

Mountain Dew Rye.....\$2.00 per gallon.  
 Old Magnolia Rye.....2.00 " "  
 Warwick's Maryland Rye.....2.50 " "  
 Old Virginia Glades.....2.50 " "  
 Pure North Carolina Corn.....\$1.50 and 2.00 " "  
 Pure Apple Brandy.....2.00 and 2.50 " "  
 "Shaw's Pure Malt," "Thompson's Rye," "Old Select," "Commercial Club," "Hygea Rye," "Old Henry," and all other standard brands of whiskey furnished on order.

For prompt service and honest measure call on or write to

**W. T. STEPTOE'S CHOICE,**  
 THE WHISKEY WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Di-titled from Barley and Rye, old process, making an absolutely pure Rye Malt Whiskey, unequalled for medicinal and drinking purposes.

Four full quarts packed in neat, plain box, nothing to indicate contents.

**\$4.00 PER CASE.**  
 "CALVERT" Maryland Rye malt, the whiskey selected by U. S. Naval and Army hospitals over all competitors.

**\$3.00 PER GAL.**  
 Melvale Copper Distilled Corn Whiskey, 3 years old

**\$2.25 PER GAL.**

**The Farmers' Mecca.**  
 FINE WHISKEY, FINE BRANDY, FINE WINE, FINE CIGARS, CIGARETTES, TOBACCO.  
**JOHN J. MALLAN,**  
 70 Ninth Street, Lynchburg, Va.

## VALUE OF TESTIMONY.

It depends upon the Reputation of the Witness. J. R. Noel makes an interesting Statement.

J. R. Noel, Justice of the Peace, and retired business man, who lives on Via Street, knows as much as the next man about depositions, testimony affidavits and such things. He knows that the value of testimony depends upon the reputation of the witness, and he knows that his own standing would give great weight to the following voluntary testimony when he dictated and signed it.

"I had great kidney trouble for four or five years, particularly after hard work, for following cold or exposure I suffered from stiffness and aching just across the kidneys. The kidney secretions became irregular, more noticeably at night. I took every remedy that came to my notice but got no better until Doan's Kidney Pills attracted my attention. I wanted to try them just as I had tried everything else, and went to H. C. Crute's drug store and got a box. I knew after a dose or two that they were doing me good, and I continued the treatment. In a short time my backache left me and the kidney secretions became natural. I know of others who have used this remedy with the same good results, and I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to several of my friends. You can refer to me and I will convince any sufferer that the Pills act just as represented."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McLure Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

A model school for the deaf and the blind will be a feature of the department of education at the World's Fair in St. Louis. How the afflicted are taught to read and write will be practically shown for the benefit of visitors.

Diphtheria, sore throat, croup. Instant relief, permanent cure. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At any drug store.

## Farmville, Saturday, Sept. 26



**The Great Wallace Shows**  
 often imitated but never equaled.

Grandest, Greatest Purest, Fairest Amusement Enterprise on Earth.

Three Rings, Two Stages, Half-mile Race Track, Scores of Original Features, One Hundred Phenomenal Acts, 25 Clowns, 20 Hurricane Races, 10,000 Seats, One Million Dollar Menagerie of Fifty Dens, Doves of Camels, Herds of Elephants.

**NOT ONE AS NEW THE HIGHEST CLASS CIRCUS IN THE WORLD IT STANDS UNEXCELLED**

**NOT ONE AS GREAT IT STANDS UNEQUALLED**

Splendid in Organization. Magnificent in Presentation  
**THE WORLD'S BEST CIRCUS TALENT.**  
 America's Greatest Performers.  
 Europe's Greatest Performers.

Accomplishing the Most Novel, Unique and Sensational Feats of Angelic Grace and Hazardous Daring Ever Attempted. Remarkable Achievements.

A Continuous Display of Marvelous Performances by a Mighty Congress of Original Notables, Most of Whom are Seen This Season for the First Time in America.

**The Famous Heras Family—Seven.**  
 Perfection Personified in Aerialistic Daring.

**Many Trained Animals**  
 In New and Novel Acts, Exhibiting the Brains of Beasts and Patience of Man, Including Educated Elephants, Bulls, Seals, Baboons, Monkeys, Horses, Goats, Pigs and Donkeys.

**Wallace's Circus Day Programme.**  
 10 a. m.—The Grand Street Parade. A unique combination of Glorious Street Carnival, Spectacular Street Fair, a Zoological Display, Horse Fair, Glittering Pageants.  
 1 & 7 p. m.—Doors Opened to the immense Waterproof Tent.

1.15 & 7.15 p. m.—Prof. Bronson's Concert Band of Renowned Soloist Musicians begins a 45-minute Grand Concert on the center stage.

2 & 8 p. m.—All-Feature Performance begins, comprising multitudinous, overwhelming, indescribable Gymnic, Acrobatic, Spectacular, Aerial, Trained Animal, Hippodromatic Feats.

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 GRAND PRIZE PARIS, 1900  
 BEST TALKING MACHINES MADE

**Columbia Disc Graphophones**  
 \$15, \$20, \$30

**Columbia Cylinder Graphophones**  
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**Columbia Records**  
 Fit any make of talking machine

Nearest Popular Music, Funny Stories, Etc.

**DISCS**  
 Seven Inch  
 50 cents each; \$5 per dozen

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 Reduced to 25c each

These are the best wax records ever made

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